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# MacKenna's Dream

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## MacKenna's Dream.

One night of late I chanced to stray,  
When all the green in slumber lay,  
When the patriots did their flag display,  
The moon sunk in the deep;

I sat upon a ruined mound,  
And while the wild wind whistled round,  
The ocean, with a solemn sound,  
Lull'd me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw that hero true,  
Who did the Danish force subdue;  
His sabre bright, with wrath he drew,  
These words he said to me:

"The Harp, with rapture, yet shall sound,  
My children's chains shall be unbound,  
And they shall gather safe around,  
The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,  
And to my question made reply:  
"For Erin's cause I'll live and die  
As thousands did before.

My sword again on Aughrim's plain  
Old Erin's rights shall well maintain,  
Though millions in the battle's slain  
And thousands in their gore."

I thought Saint Ruth stood on the ground  
And said, "I'll be your monarch crowned,  
Encompassed by the French around  
All marching to the field;"

He raised a Cross, and thus did say,  
"Brave boys, we'll show them gallant play;  
Let no man dare disgrace the day,  
We'll die before we yield."

The brave O'Byrne he was there,  
From Ballymanus, bright and fair,  
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare,  
To march at his command:

Westmeath and Cavan too did join,  
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,  
Slane, Trim, and Navan too did join  
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,  
He drew his sword, both bright and keen,  
And swore by all his eyes had seen,  
He would avenge the fall

Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,  
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,  
And died rather than live a slave,  
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy came to say,  
"Behold, my lord, I'm here to-day,  
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,  
From Wexford's hills and caves;

Our country's fate it sure depends  
On us, and on our gallant friends,  
And heaven will their cause defend,  
Who ne'er were willing slaves.

I thought the band played "Patrick's Day,"  
To marshal all in grand array;  
With cap and feather, white and gay  
They marched in warlike glow,

With drums and trumpets loud and shrill,  
And cannon upon every hill,  
And pikemen, who, with valour thrill  
To strike the fatal blow.

When all at once appeared in sight  
An army clad in armour bright,  
Both front, and rear, and left, and right,  
Marched Paddies evermore.

The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,  
Determined tyrants' blood to spill,  
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,  
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said,  
"Let Erin's sons be not dismayed,  
To glory I'll the vanguard lead,  
To honour and renown.

Come, bravely draw your swords with  
And let each tyrant bigot see  
Dear Erin's daughters must be free  
Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,  
Crying, "Quick march, right about;"  
With bayonets fixed they'll march'd out  
To face the deadly foe.

The enemy were no way shy,  
With thundering cannon planted nigh;  
Now thousands in death struggle lie,  
And streams of crimson flow.

The enemy made such a square  
As drove our cavalry to despair,  
Who were nigh routed rank and rear,  
But yet not forced to yield.

The Wexford boys that ne'er were slack,  
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,  
With Longford joined, who in a crack  
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for Liberty,  
As the enemy all broke in flee;  
I looked around, but could not see  
One foeman on the plain,

Except the men who wounded lay;  
The base Sassanaghs had fled away:  
When I awoke 'twas break of day—  
So ends MacKenna's dream.